

THE
FARMER:

A
COMIC OPERA.
IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL

IN

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

	LONDON.	DUBLIN.
<i>Colonel Dormont,</i>	Mr. Fearnon.	Mr. Mitchell.
<i>Valentine,</i>	Mr. Johnston.	Mr. Duffy.
<i>Fairly,</i>	Mr. Booth.	Mr. King.
<i>Farmer Blackberry,</i>	Mr. Darley.	Mr. Brett.
<i>Jemmy Jumps,</i>	Mr. Edwin.	Mr. O'Reilly.
<i>Counsellor Flummery,</i>	Mr. Rock.	Mr. Owenfon.
<i>Rundy,</i>	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Cherry.
<i>Farmer Stubble,</i>	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Barret.
<i>Landlord,</i>	Mr. Ledger.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Louisa,</i>	 Mrs. Mountain.	Mrs. Marshall.
<i>Betty Blackberry,</i>	 Mrs. Mattocks.	Mrs. Hitchcock.
<i>alias</i>		
<i>Miss Eliza Tim-</i>		
<i>bertop,</i>		
<i>Molly Maybush,</i>	Mrs. Martyr.	Mrs. Chalmers.
<i>Landlady,</i>	Miss Platt.	Mrs. Hannam.

Waiters, Bailiffs, Tradesmen, Peasants, &c.

SCENE, FIRST ACT, KENT.

SCENE, SECOND ACT, LONDON.

T H E
F A R M E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A rural Prospect, with a View of a Gentleman's Seat at a Distance.

Enter Fairly in a Passion, and Col. Dormont.

Fairly.

YOUR Master's a Rascal!—unknown to me marrying my Daughter, then leaving her behind him at Canada, and here stepping into all the Vices of London, a *single* Gentleman forsooth! Deny his Marriage!—but I'll strip him of his new got Wealth.

Col. Dor. Hush! that's likely to happen without your help: You know that old Humourist his Uncle, Col. Dormont, wishing to avoid the Bustle and Etiquette of Rank, as a Trick gave my Master here the Enjoyment of his Fortune, of which bearing he makes so ill a Use, he has absolutely advertis'd in the News Papers to find if he han't some other Relation living to transfer it to.

Fair. Then he *has* another Relation hereabouts too, and to find him is what brought me now into Kent.

Col. Dor. What's his name?

Fair. I won't tell.

Col. Dor. *Me* you may; I'm Captain Valentine's Steward to be sure; but I was plac'd here by his Uncle merely as a Guard over him; and harkee, Mr. Fairly, you know the Colonel from being so much abroad hasn't seen him since the hight of a Pen Case; I told him tho' of his de-

ferting your Daughter, all his profligate Exploits ! He's so much incens'd that—here's a Letter in his own Hand commanding my Master to resign every Shilling's Worth belonging to him, without beat of Drum this very Evening march out of his House yonder, and for the first Time appear before him on the Parade, St. James's Park, to-morrow Morning.

Fair. (with Joy). Then he's ruin'd ! ha ! ha ! good Captain Valentine ! Isn't that he, *(looking out)* cajoling some simple Country Girl ? And his Wife—my poor Child Louisa ! Oh ! how I should like to break his Bones ; but no Sword or Pistol Work for me ; no, I'll find the honest Farmer that's to supersede him ; I'll teach a Captain to wrong a Lawyer ; I'll—— *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Valentine and Betty Blackberry.

AIR. Valentine.

*Charming Village Maid,
If thou wilt be mine,
In Gold and Pearls array'd,
All my Wealth is thine.
For Gold is Dross to me,
Ev'n Nature's Beauties fade,
If not enjoy'd by thee,
My Charming Village Maid !*

*Had I yon Shepherd's Care,
Your Lambs to feed and fold,
The Dog Star heat I'd bear,
And Winter's piercing cold ;
Or such my Lot shou'd be,
At Harrow, Flail or Spade,
Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
My charming Village Maid !*

*This Morn at Gosly Dawn
I had a Hedge Rose wild,
Its Sweets perfum'd the Lawn,
'Twas sportive Nature's Child ;*

To grace my gay Parterre,
Translated from the Glade,
Sweet Emblem of my Fair,
My charming Village Maid !

Enter Farmer Blackberry (with a Milking Pail.)

Farm. Where is ~~this~~ Daughter of mine ? Ah ! hey !

Betty. I vow, your Honor, all these fine Things shou'd make me vastly conceited.

Farm. Ah ! ha ! he won't have much Trouble to do that. (*Aside.*)

Val. My adorable Angel !

Farm. I've heard say *Fairies* are good at it, but now I'll see an *Angel* milk my Cow.

Betty. La ! Father, talk of a Cow to a Gentleman !

Farm. Yes, and I'll keep my Heifer from a Gentleman. (*Aside to Betty. Gives her the Pail, and puts her off.*)

Val. Stop, Farmer ! Yes, I'll propose—he daren't refuse his Landlord, (*aside*). I shall deal with you fair and open : your Daughter Betty pleases me ; name any Settlement, or by Gad I'll sign a Carte Blanche. You know the World, and I dare say understand me.

Farm. Why, yes, Sir, I think I do understand you.

Val. I'm inclined to be your Friend—I've Company waiting at home, so your Answer will oblige.

Farm. Pray, Sir, did you ever feel the Weight of an English Cudgel ?

Val. A what ! (*Surprized*).

Farm. Only a Twig of Oak like this, laid on with an old tough Arm, pretty strong from Labour, and a Heart stung by an honest Resentment.

Val. Why, Fellow ! I fancy you forget who you're talking to.

Farm. Sir, you may be yet a Parent, then you'll be capable of a Father's Feelings, at the cruel Offer to make him a Party in the Prostitution of his child.

AIR. Farmer.

*Ere around the huge Oak that o'ershadows yon Mill
The fond Ivy had dar'd to entwine.*

*Ere the Church was a Ruin that nods on that Hill,
Or a Rook built her Nest in that Pine.*

*Could I trace back the Time, a much earlier Date,
Since my Fore-fathers toil'd in this Field;
And the Farm I now hold on your Honor's Estate,
Is the same that my Grand-father till'd.*

*He dying bequeath'd to his Son a good Name,
Which unsullied descended to me;*

*For my Child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with Shame,
And it still from a Spot shall be free.* [Exit.

Enter Col. Dormont.

*Val. Cudgel! A Reptile sting! A Weed dare to raise
its insolent Head, and wag Defiance in my Face.*

*Col. Dor. My good Sir, hear your poor Steward: In-
stead of ill-will to the Farmer, as an English Gentleman
you should cherish the Farmer's Spirit of an English Yeoman.*

Val. I hadn't a Thought Clowns had any Feeling.

*Col. Dor. Clown!—he's a Man and a Parent. For the
Affront you offered, your Honor wouldn't at all suffer
by making him an Apology.*

*Val. Apology! Dem'd impertinent this! (Aside.) To-
tal, will you take it?*

*Col. Dor. That I will, Sir, (quick) and as an Atone-
ment, I suppose present him from you an Acquittance for
his Rent, as this is Quarter's Day.*

*Val. A pretty Proposal! but, ha! ha! ha! I'll fit my
busy Steward. (aside) Come, I'll write a few Lines of
Apology, you draw out a Receipt, I'll enclose it, and you
shall take it to him immediately.—His Daughter, my bon-
ny Betty.—Total, can you blame me?*

AIR. Valentine.

*No more I'll court the town-bred Fair,
Who shines in artificial Beauty;
Her native Charms, without compare,
Claim all my Love, Respect and Duty.*

O my

*O my bonny, bonny Bet. sweet Blossom,
Was I a King, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant Couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy Lover's Bosom.*

*Yet ask me where those Beauties lie,
I cannot say in Smile or Dimple,
In blooming Cheek, or radiant Eye,
'Tis happy Nature, wild and simple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet. &c.*

*Let dainty Beaux for Ladies pine,
Ad sigh in Numbers trite and common;
Ye Gods! one darling Wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely Woman!
O my bonny, bonny Bet. &c.*

*Come, dearest Girl, the rosy Bowl,
Like thy bright Eyes, with pleasure dancing;
My Heaven art thou, so take my Soul,
With Rapture every Sense entrancing.
O my bonny, bonny Bet. &c.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Farmer Blackberry's House.

Enter the Farmer and Betty.

Farm. There, stay within Doors since you can't walk out without having Gentlemen after you.

Betty. La! Father, the Gentlemen are so tempting, ha! ha! ha!

Farm. Oddsbobs! I command you not to let him speak to you.

Betty. If a Gentleman's going to speak, wou'dn't it be very rude in me to stop his Mouth.

Farm. Then always get out of his Way.

Betty. That I certainly *shall*, if he's on Horseback.

Farm. Zounds! Hussy! cou'dn't you turn and walk from him!

Betty. So I did, and *he* turn'd and walk'd from me; but both walking on all round the Field, 'till we came to

the opposite Side, there we met Face to Face you know,
and then ! ha ! ha ! ha ! oh precious !

AIR. Betty.

*To hear a sweet Goldfinch's Sonnet,
This Morning I put on my Bonnet,
But scarce in the Meadow, pies on't,
When the Captain appears in my view.
I felt an odd Sort of Sensation.
My Heart beat an odd Palpitation,
I blush'd like a Pink or Carnation,
When, says he, " My dear, how do you do ?"*

*The Devil sure, says I, here has pop'd him,
I therefore to slip by but I stop'd him,
So my very best Curt'sy I dropt him ;
With an Air then he bobs off his Hat,
He seem'd with my Person enchanted,
He squeez'd my Hand, how my Heart panted,
He ask'd for a Kiss, and I granted,
And pray now what Harm was in that ?*

*Says I, Sir, for what do you take me ?
He said a fine Lady he'd make me,
No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,
And then on his Knee he flap'd down.
His Handkerchief smelt so sweetly,
His white Teeth he shew'd so completely,
He manag'd the Matter so neatly,
I ne'er can be kiss'd by a Clown.*

Farm. Ecod, if Neighbour Stubble's Step-son, Jemmy, was come home from London, he shou'd take you off my Hands this very Evening.

[Enter Farmer Stubble, joyful.

Farm. Stub. Hey ! Betty ! your Sweetheart Jemmy's without.

Farm. B. What, Jemmy Jumps ! ecod, now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray has London made him very like a Gentleman ?

Farm.

Farm. Stub. Was'nt it for that, merely to please you, that I sent him there? [*Jemmy sings without.*]

Farm. B. Ecod, here he comes, gay as a Lark, fine as a Butter-fly, stout as a Cock, and merry as a Cricket.

Betty. Ay, here comes the London Beau!

Enter Jemmy, dress'd in the Extravagance of Fashion.

Jemmy. Gemmen I'm yours! Mem I'm your most, (*struts and flourishes.*) Dad, (*apart to Stubble*) hope you didn't tell you had me 'Prentice to a Stay-maker in London.

Betty. Lud! he looks quite Rakish, (*admiring.*)

Jemmy. My Dear, I kiss your Hand.

Farm. B. Ecod, if you go no nigher, your Dear must stretch a long Arm.

Betty. Why *that* was only Compliment, what they say in London.

Farm. B. Oh, then, in London *saying* and *doing* are two Things.

Farm. Stub. But, Jemmy, here's Neighbour Blackberry.

Jemmy. Eh! ha! (*looking at Farmer B. through a flat Eye Glafs.*)

Farm. B. Oh! ho! (*takes out a large Key and looks at Jemmy.*)

Betty. Oh, Jemmy, you can tell us all the new Fashions in Town!

Farm. B. Ah, what Price does Corn bring at London Market?

Jemmy. Corn!

Farm. B. Ah, how are Oats?

Jemmy. Ask my Ponies. Oats! think I'm from Bear-quay? I'm a Gentleman of—ha! ha! ha!—Canile!

Betty. Indeed, Father, you ask such uncouth Questions. Pray, Jemmy, what makes you a Gentleman?

Jemmy. My Share in a Pharaoh Bank; my Boots to sling over the Benches in the Play-houses; a Glafs to squint at a Face not six Inches from my own Nose; my Nag to kick up a Dust in Rotten-row; short Waistcoat, long Breeches, two Watches, twenty-inch Cane, Umbrella, Hat, Chin, Beau-dash, and Shoe Strings.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

A 5

Act.

AIR. Jemmy.

*Look, dear Ma'am I'm quite the Thing,**Natibus hey, tipity ho,**In my Shoe I wear a String.**Plaidy my Tartan ho;**Cards and Dice I've monstrous Luck,**Tho' no Drake yet keep a Duck,**Tho' not Nimrod yet I'm a Buck,**Lantherum swash kickee.**I've a Purse well stocked with—Brass,**Chinckily hee, chinckily ho;**I've good Eyes. yet cock my Glass,**Stare about, squintum ho;**In two Boots I boldly walk,**Pistol, Sword, I never baulk,**Meet my Man and bravely talk,**Peppilus, pop, coupee;**Sometimes I mount a smart Cockade,**Puppydum hey, struttledom ho,**From High Park to the Parade,**Cockmacary kee:**As I pass a Centry Box,**Soldiers rest their bright Firelocks,**Each about his Musquet knocks,**Rattledum slap to me.**In the Mall Miss gives her Card,**Cashbady me, kissbady she,**Set before the Palace Yard,**Leggerum, lounge a row;**Prettiest Things I softly say,**When I'm ask'd our Chairs to pay,**Yes, says I, and walk away.**Pennybus, Farthing ho.**Bett. Oh, Lord! he's quite rakish! (enraptured.)**Farm. Stub. Then, Jemmy, I warrant on your going
to London you soon got up Stairs into Gentlemen's Com-
pany.**Farm. B.*

Farm. B. Ay, and I warrant you he soon got down Stairs out of Gentlemen's Company, ha! ha! ha!

(*making a Motion with his Foot.*)

Jem. Zounds, Sir, I belong'd to a Coterin.

Bett. La! what's a Coterin?

Jem. Ma'am, it's a Club, a Thing we established—fitted up a House in Stile—select—to be by ourselves for the Purpose of Play.

Farm. B. Oh, then there was a Gang of you?

Jem. Gang! What do ye call ———? Party—Men of Fashion—deep Play—Egad the Rouleaus flew about like Shuttle-cocks.

Bett. And what's a Rouleau?

Jem. A Parcel of—Shillings—neatly rolled up like—a—

Farm. B. Ay, like a Pennyworth of Tobacco, I suppose!

Jem. Tobacco! 'gad, Sir, you suppose the strangest—what—eh?

Farm, Stub. And, Jemmy, who was of your——

Jem. Party? I and Sir Bruin Bickery, Marquis Delpini, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Picardy—hem!

(*flourishes.*)

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Jem. (*Apart to Farm. B.*) Must bounce a few, Betty's so upish—likely wou'dn't have me else.

Farm. B. Right. (*to Jem.*) Neighbour we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very Night—then she'll be out of the Way of this wicked Devil of a Landlord.

(*Aside.*) (*Pipes and Tabors without.*) True, we have won our Cricket Match to Day, the Lads and Lasses are all in such high Glee, so your Wedding shall add to the Joy of the Day, ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt all but Jemmy, who is detained by Molly Maybush.*]

Molly. Jemmy, you shan't marry Betty Blackberry, you know afore you went up to London you was Book-sworn to me.

Jem. I went a Clown, and I'm come home a Gentleman.

Moll. I'm sure all the Difference I see is, that going you had brown Hair, a fat Face, and an honest Heart; and you've come home with a white Head, lank Cheeks, and an ill-natur'd Soul.

Jem. As to Head and Face—and Head—I'm just the—the Tippy; and as to Soul that is with us, *Gents.* like our Honor, a Thing we know nothing about only to swear by; as "'pon my Soul, Sir,"—" 'pon my Honor, Mem,"—just as your Country Folks "Odsbodikins" "Gadzoo-kens," and "by the living Jingo."

Moll. For sartain my Father can't leave me quite so well as Betty, we han't so much Corn in our Granary, but I've ten times as much Love in my Heart, *Jemmy.*

AIR. Molly.

*My Daddy, O, was very good,
To make me fine he spar'd no Pelf,
And scrape up money all he cou'd,
He'd give it to my bonny Self.*

*My handsome Cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France, so gay to see,
Tho' sigh'd for by each Maid and Dame;
'Twas not my Cap was dear to me.*

*Blythe Johnny, O, upon his Mare,
Adown the Dell his Horn ran sweet,
To me presented Puffs, the Hare,
That o'er the wild Thyme ran so fleet.*

*Then Ned a Nosegay for my Breast,
He brought no Flow'r more sweet than he;
And warbling Will a Linnet's Nest,
No Flow'rs or Birds were dear to me.*

*So softly, O, to yonder Grove,
The Moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true Love,
Yet on false Love I fell to chink.*

*The rustling Leaves encrease my fears,
A Footstep falls who cannot be;
Oh joy, my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.*

Jem.

Jem. Piping for me, Molly, is—I'm not come-at-able. *(Swaggers.)*

Moll. But your Promise——

Jem. Keep a Promise! What do you take me for?

Moll. Did I think you ever cou'd forget the Day you left our Village? Don't you remember as you were stepping on the Coach Roof, as I stood crying, you with one Foot on the little Wheel, and t'other just on the Boot; your right Hand you stretch'd to the Coachman, and your left as I held it mine, washing it with my Tears, the Postman at that Moment founding his Horn; Gee! up! says the Coachman, and I soon lost Sight of my Jemmy.

Jem. I protest I've such an Absence—that——

Moll. You must remember your Promise to marry me—you can't forget the Horn.

Jem. Horn!—A damn'd odd Marriage Memorandum you've hit upon, Molly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Green before Farmer Blackberry's House, Music, with a Noise of Dancing.

Enter Farmer Blackberry and Jemmy.

Farm B. Ah? ha! featly done! Jemmy, why don't you take a Dance?

Jem. Me sport a Toe among such Clodhoppers! Ah! ha! dance away my Vestris and Vetchelli's!

Farm. B. Well, my Boy, you shall have Betty then; no fear of our Squire—Hey! what can his Steward want! *(Looking out.)*

Enter Col. Dormant.

Col Dor. My Master is now sorry, Farmer, for the Affront he offered you, and requests you'll accept here enclosed a Receipt and full Acquittance for your Quarter's Rent.

Jem. Something towards Betty's Portion. *(aside.)*

Enter Rudy.

Run. Why, Lord, Farmer, the Squire's Men are got driving your Cattle, and they say it's for your Rent.

Col.

Col. Dor. What !

Farm. B. On Quarter-day—this is his Receipt !

Col. Dor. Oh ! some Mistake of that scoundrel the Bailiff !

Enter the Bailiff.

Harding, what d'you mean by this Outrage !

Bail. T'obey Master's Orders.

Col. Dor. Orders ! Farmer, open that—or here, your young Fellow (*to Femmy*) read aloud the Paper you'll find there, if your Scholarship reaches so far. (*Gives Letter exultingly.*)

Fem. Scholarship ! (*Conceitedly. Opens and reads.*)

“ For golden Grain I bring you Chaff,

“ So Neighbours at the Bearer laugh !”

Ha ! ha ! ha ! (*looking at Col. Dormant*) how d'ye like my Scholarship ? (*Reads.*)

“ If this for Quarter's Rent won't pass,

“ Why then the Reader is ——

Run. (*Who had been looking over him, reads*) An Afs—ha ! ha ! ha ! (*looking at Femmy.*)

Farm B. Does he make a Jest of his Cruelty ?

Col. Dor. And me the Fool—be assured, Farmer, his Uncle will do you Justice ; the Captain won't be long a Landlord. (*Walks up enraged*)

Enter Betty.

Bett. Oh, Father !

Farm. B. Femmy, I must borrow this Rent from the Portion I thought to pay down with Betty.

Fem. Borrow ! eh ! od !—it happens so unlucky, but I now remember I promised Molly Maybush, and Dinner's ready—tol, lol, deral. [*Exit. singing.*]

Bett. There now, if Femmy han't gone from me !

Farm. B. And a good riddance of such a fordid scoundrel ; but there's your London Gentleman.

Enter Fairly.

Fair. Ay, this shou'd be the House, and you the Master ; let's see my Instructions, (*peruses a Paper*) Blackberry—Mother's name—yes—I hope here my Search
is

is at an End, your Name is Blackberry, your Mother Niece to Edward Timbertop, Esq.

Bett. Yes, Sir, we have had 'Squires in our Family. (*Curtseys.*)

Farm. B. Ay, but I never knew any good on't, but to make you conceited.

Fair. I have Authority to inform you that by this Descent you're likely soon to be Master of those very Lands from whence your Cattle were drove by your worthless Landlord.

Col. Dor. Eh, what, Mr. Fairly, is this, tho'—(*quick and joyful*) are you really related to Colonel Dormont?

Farm. B. Why I did hear of some Relation made a huge Fortune in America by Army Contracts, or—but I know nought about'n.

Fair. To prove your Affinity to the Colonel, and hear what he intends, you must go to London.

Bett. To London! (*great.*)

Fair. Ay, and appear in Splendour as his adopted Heir; I'll have such a triumphant Revenge on that Puppy your Master for his Usage to my poor Louisa. (*To Col. Dorm.*)

Col. Dor. But, best first let the Colonel—

Fair. What d'ye talk, he's a Person of Property, and and if he disapproves of what I've done, let my Pocket answer. (*Resolutely.*)

Col. D. Well, since you're resolved, I'll instantly deliver to my Master the Colonel's Letter of Dismission—take Charge of every Thing yonder, and if you'll undertake to get the Farmer and Family to Town, I transfer my Duty, and shall be there in Time to have Lodgings prepared for their Reception.

Fair. Good Fellow.

Farm. B. I live in Town, 'mongst Smoak, Noise and Back-bitings; no, no, no.

Fair. Eh! ay, and instead of Blackberry you must take the Name of Timbertop.

Col. D. But why didn't you acquaint the Colonel with your Distress?

Farm. B.

Farm. B. Distress I never knew before to Day ; so by Jingo I never thought of brushing up a grand Relationship for sake of a Dinner or so, while here I could enjoy my homely Meal with the sweet Sauce of Independance ; but come in and take a Bit of Mutton over a Glass of my home-brew'd—we'll hear this Story, and before I turn a Gentleman, you shall see what a jolly Fellow is an English Farmer. *[Exeunt Farmer and Betty.]*

[Betty, during the above Scene, alternately listens with Joy and Surprise—she remains]

Bett. To London—yes—instead of Betty Blackberry, I shall be Miss Eliza Timbertop !

Enter Jemmy Jumps.

Jem. (aside.) Old Blackberry fall'n into this House—great Fortin ! Oh, I must tack about.

Bett. Yes, we shall have a coach.

Jem. A Coach ! (aside.)

Bett. Prescious ! I shall be so tasty this Summer ; round my Neck a charming thick Barcelona Handkerchief, with a beautiful double Gauze one over it, a Marseilla quilted Petticoat stout and white as a Counterpane ; over that a rich Paduasoy Gown that shall stand an end ; and over that again my choice long Sattin Cardinal furr'd with Cat's Skin.

Jem. (Aside.) A cool Summer's Dress ! poh !

[Jemmy fans himself with his Hat.]

Bett. In my Kalimanco Shoes, I'll have such a thumping Pair of Silver Buckles, and in my Pink Hat a Bunch of Cherry color'd Ribbon !

Jem. Ha ! *(advancing)* my Betty.

Bett. (Looking round affectedly.)

Jem. I'm come to wish you Joy !

Bett. Wish Joy ! oh ! oh ! the Bellman !

Jem. Bellman ! my Dear your own Jemmy Jumps.

Bett. Jumps ! now what is this Person talking about ?

Jem. Hem ! Mem ! may I presume to beg--

Bett. Beg ! I haven't got no small Change.

[Exit Betty, very stately and affected.]

Jem.

Fem. (*After a Pause, whistles.*) Beg—small Change!—Me for a Beggarmen! Yes, I must ha—Molly Maybush—she's a hundred Pound—that, and a little Credit at Manchester—open a smart Shop—Yes, get to town, and buckle to Business—Eh, here's Molly, how rejoiced she'll be at my coming back to her.—Tol, lol, lol! (*Sings.*)

Enter Molly Maybush and Rundy.

Run. And, Molly, ben't you ashamed to leave such a true loving Boy as I be?

Moll. Yes, I now see Jemmy courted me all along only for the Lucre of Gain: Yonder he is, let's laugh at him—I'll pretend not to see him.

AIR. Molly.

*Send him to me,
Let him woo me,
Softly breathe each tender Vow:
Why forsake me,
Come and take me,
Take me in the Humour now.*

*In my Cheeks full Roses blowing,
Wishes twinkle in my Eyes;
Oh, what Joy when Joy bestowing,
Yet my careless Lover flies.*

*Girls don't hear him,
Mock him, jeer him;
He'll deceive you,
Kiss and leave you.*

Fem. Your most—lovely Molly (*bows*) Rundy who brings you here? (*fiercely.*)

Run. To see a little Fun, Sir.

Fem. Fun.

Moll. Ha! ha! ha!

Run. Ha! ha! ha! [*they get each Side of him.*]

Fem. Molly, I left you crying. Methinks I find you wond'rous frisky.

Moll. Yes, Sir. (*Curtseys with an arch mock complaisance.*)

Run.

Run. Yes, Sir. (*Bows in like manner.*)

Jem. Amazing civil! (*Looking on each side of him.*)

Moll. Rundy, sure this is a Gentleman!

Run. Is't, indeed! (*Affects to look at Jemmy with Amazement.*)

Moll. Oh, yes, for his Soul is only a Thing to swear by, as "'Pon my Soul, Sir! 'Pon my Honor, Mem!" just as us Country Folks might say "Odsbodikins!" "Odzookerikins!" and by the living Jingo!" (*Mimicking.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Run. Ha! ha! ha!

Jem. (*First looking at them very gravely, then laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! again, if that what you're both for; ha! ha! ha!—Indeed! Molly, as second Thought's best, I'll return to my first Design and have you.

Moll. No, Sir; sure you wou'dn't be so good! (*Arch and Ironical.*)

Jem. Think I'd break my Engagement! Molly, I claim your Promise.

Moll. I keep a Promise! what d'ye take me for? (*Mimicking.*)

Run. What d'ye take us for? (*Mimicking.*)

Moll. Jemmy, my Father has engaged me to Rundy here, so "I am not comeatable." (*Mimicking*) There—(*gives Rundy her Hand*) and thus let every Girl serve the fortune-hunting Chap that courts the Heart, while his Eye is on her Pocket

Jem. Have I figured in London for this? The Tulip of Kensington Gardens to be ousted by a Cabbage Stalk! Oh, ye God's and Goddesses, Tags, Laces, Whalebone, Busks and Bodices.

TRIO. Jemmy, Molly, Rundy

Jemmy. Dear Madam, how you clack away,
King George's English hack away:
Go press your Cheese,
And feed your Geese,
Tuck up your Duds, and pack away.

Molly.

Molly. *Go hop, pretty Pet along,*
 Rundy. *And down the Dance lead Bet. along ;*
 Molly. *But Rundy's Stick,*
 Rundy. *Your Back shall lick,*
 Molly. *You saucy Monkey, get along.*
 Jemmy. *Machere-Ami tout autre chose,*
Tho' Gentleman, of Bully knows,
Lord, nothing yet,
Before my Bet,
I'd kick a Shinor, pull a Nose.

DUETT.

Jemmy. *Your love is incompatable,*
Since I am not come-at-able ;
 Molly. *For Dance we're ripe,*
D'ye hear the Pipe,
And Tabor how rattatable,
 Jemmy. *Dans Votres lilt, and sweet Moll adieu,*
 Rundy. *And if so be what's that to you ;*
 Jemmy. *If e'er we meet*
In London Street
I'll honour you with How d'ye do.
 Rundy. *A Fig for you and your How d'ye do.*
 Molly. *That for you, and your How d'ye do.* [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Louisa's Lodgings in London.

Enter Colonel Dormant and Landlady.

Col. Dormant.

THE Apartments, Ma'am, are for a Family from the Country.

Land. Well, Sir, the Lady here moves to-day to her own House in Kent ; this is she, Sir. (*Looking out.*) Please to see the other Rooms. Sir. [Exit.

Col. Dor. Ma'am. [Exit, following Landlady.
Enter

Enter Louisa.

AIR.

*Winds, softly tell my Love
You have brought home his Dove,
Say poor Louisa flies to her Mate;
Smooth was the Ocean,
And swift was our Motion,
He was my Haven, and Absence my Fate.
Yet the Lambs straying,
Thro' the Meads playing,
Cropping wild Flow'rs on the Precipice Brink;
Joys surrounding,
Sporting, bounding,
Nor on fond Phillis the Wanton will think.*

Col. Dor. (*Without.*) They'll do exceeding well, Ma'am; but (*enters*) I must apologize to this Lady for my Intrusion before she had given up her Apartments. (*Brows.*)

Louisa. Sir. (*Curtseys.*) [*A loud Knocking.*]

Col. Dor. Hey! they are here! 'Squire Timbertop and his whole Family!

Fair. (*Without.*) Ha! Mr. Total's here!

Louisa. Heavens! my Father!

Col. Dor. What! Mr. Fairly!

Louisa. Oh! Sir! shut the Door! I'm lost if he sees me.

Col. Dor. Then, Madam, I presume you are Mrs. Valentine?

Louisa. Sir, since you know——Dear, Sir, don't I——I dare'nt see my Father 'till acknowledged by my Husband, who has——

Col. Dor. You're just from Canada, Ma'am! And this the amiable Woman he has deserted! Don't be alarmed, Ma'am, at my discovering, I'm your Steward, Ma'am.

Louisa. Perhaps my Husband's, Sir! Oh! bring me to him!

Col. Dor. Ma'am, he's now in Disgrace with his Uncle; turn'd out, Ma'am; his Uncle, the Colonel, is one of your very odd Sort of Persons; means well, but always

ways doing something that nobody else wou'd think of; and I'm convinc'd he wou'dn't have you see your Husband before he tries the Success of a Scheme he has plann'd for his Reformation.

Enter Landlady.

Land. Lud, Sir, here's your Country Family come; Ma'am, won't you make use of my Parlour 'till your Chaife comes—Jenny! [*Calls, and Exit.*]

Col. Dor. Near the Time I appointed my Gentleman in the Park, so must now leave the Blackberry's to Fairly (*aside.*) Ma'am, best remain here, if you can keep out of your Father's Sight; in the Evening I'll give you convincing Reasons for postponing your Journey to Kent; the Colonel, Ma'am, has heard of your Wrongs, and is determined to punish his Nephew; he'll teach him in the School of Poverty the Use of Riches, Ma'am.

[*Bows, and Exit.*]

Louisa Ah! my Valentine, to forsake, to deny me. I'll not encrease the Colonel's Displeasure by seeing him; and yet——

Enter Landlady.

Land. Where's that old Gentleman? Here's an Officer below saw him through the Window, and desires he'd follow him into the Park. [*Exit.*]

Louisa. An Officer! If it shou'd be (*goes to the Window*) 'tis my Valentine! Discarded by his Uncle—perhaps distress'd—Yes, the Steward said his Uncle was determined he should learn in the School of Poverty: No, to, my Valentine, I cannot see it (*Rings.*)

Enter a Servant.

Richard! that Gentleman—the Officer—follow, watch where he goes, and instantly bring me Word—Quick! (*Exit Servant.*) Cruel Uncle! to abandon him; and this unfeeling Steward—advise me not to see him—in Want!—Heavens!—the Thought!—Ah! Valentine though unkind you have been, you are still my Husband.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*St. James's Park.**Enter Colonel Dormant.*

Col. Dor. Follow you to the Park! but where. (*Looking round.*) Eh! isn't this the young Fellow that read the curious Receipt for me?

Enter Jemmy Jumps, with a Parcel.

Jem. Tol! lol! lol! eh! it is—Master Steward who thought to have met you in London! ha! ha! ha! Well, how have you left Ploughman Blackberry and his clumsy Family?

Col. Dor. True, I thought you was to have had his Daughter and her clumsy Fortune!

Jem. Have me! he! he! he! certainly they were all upon the Scramble for me, as if I was a tit Bit for a City Feast, I was such a neat, tol, lol! hey!—Betty dressed at me—Jenny skimm'd the Cream—Molly robbed the Hen-Roost, and Susan bak'd the round little hot Loaves for my Breakfast—Becky sung at me; Sal hopp'd and Pol bob'd at me; but, poor Things, it was'nt on the Cards—cou'dn't be——

AIR. Jemmy.

*Gad a mercy, Devil's in me,
All the Damsels wish to win me;
Like a Maypole round me cluster,
Hanging Garlands fus and fluster.*

*Filting, capering, grinning, smirking,
Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking,
Cocking Bills up, Chins up, perking.
Kates and Betties,
Polls and Letties.*

*All were doating gentle Creatures,
On their Features;
To their Aprons all won't pin me,
Gad a mercy, &c. &c.*

Old

Old one, in the Country I was a Gentleman—in Town I'm a Staymaker. *(Points to his Parcel.)*

Col. Dor. A Staymaker?

Fem. Perhaps you cou'd recommend one—but right—ha! ha! ha! your Master ran away from you—got into Place yet!

Col. Dor. Pert Puppy! *(Aside.)*

Fem. Never saw 'Squire Valentine—but hear he was a fine flashy Fellow! one of us! ha! ha! *(capers and sings.)* I'm about setting up in Business—want only a Partner with a little ready—Molly's Penny wou'd have now been apropos—raising Capital is—I'm going now after a Person advances Money—but, my old Steward, you're among the monied Men, you cou'd put a Body in the way of raising a little Cash—I can give undeniable Security.

Col. Dor. I'll try it—yonder he comes—it may bring him into an embarrassing Distress; and if any Thing can reclaim him the very Scheme of Necessity must be the Means. *(Aside.)* Why I—I do know a Gentleman that does these Things.

Fem. (With Joy.) Where does he live?

Col. Dor. This happens lucky enough—see that Gentleman coming strait from Story's Gate.

Fem. What! he in the brown Coat?

Col. Dor. No.

Fem. Oh! in the smart little buckled Wig.

Col. Dor. Psha! what think ye of that red Coat!

Fem. That Officer! ha! ha! ha! a Captain lend Money! a good Joke!

Col. Dor. He's Agent to fifteen Regiments.

Fem. Zounds! then he can lend me the King's Money.

Col. Dor. There—you see with what Authority he lesa gainst the Treasury Wall.

Fem. Like a prop to the Treasury; a rich Fellow, I warrant: If you know him, my dear Boy, will you propose it?

Col. Dor. Well, I'll speak to him.

Fem. Much obliged—here he is!

Col.

Col. Dor. Be you in the Way.

Jem. Only drop this in Fludyer-Street—two hundred will just do me—I'll do the handsome Thing—House-keeper's Security—Premium to you, and the neatest Pair of Dimity Jumps for your Girl—mum, now—ha!

[*Exit grinning.*]

Enter Valentine, out of Temper.

Val. When did you get to Town? Whose House is that I saw you gossiping in?

Col. Dor. Then he hasn't seen his wife. (*Aside.*)

Val. Well, here have I been parading this Half-hour, and no Uncle, as his Letter appointed.

Col. Dor. You don't know his Person; perhaps he has been parading too, and surveying you.

Val. I'll wait no longer—I discard him—talk of me! he's made up of Caprice and Uncertainty.

Col. Dor. Why, faith he is a little queerish in his—but no Caprice—no, no—curs'd inflexible in what he thinks right—aye, he'll certainly settle his Fortune on this new-found Relation—your Conduct to your Wife—Affair of Blackberry—and—

Val. Give me a Taste of Life, and now turn me adrift, only for a few fashionable Gallantries! I got them to pass Dice too, before I left home—haven't one Guinea in my Pocket—if I could but raise a little Money just for an outset.

Col. Dor. Cou'dn't some be rais'd on your Commission?

Val. Eh—but I don't know any of those Money Brokers.

Enter Jemmy, smiles at Col. Dormant, then walks up.

Col. Dor. Sir, d'ye see that Gentleman?

Val. That Fellow that nodded to you?

Col. Dor. Fellow! You've seen an Advertisement of a Person that has twenty thousand lying at his Banker's! that's he! X. Y. the most liberal Money-lender in Town.

Val. Why, he gave you a very familiar Nod, Total; see if he'll advance the Cash to me.

Col. Dor. I'll try—about two hundred will do?

Val.

Val. Capital!

Col. Dor. Sir, (*calling Jemmy, then goes over, and speaks apart to him*) He'll do't.

Jem. My dear Friend! does he know the Sum I want—Security I can give, and—

Col. Dor. All: Step to any Tavern hard-by, and I'll bring him to you.

Jem. Eh—the Rummer—the Landlady a Customer of mine—think he'll have the Money about him! (*joyful.*)

Col. Dor. Isn't Drummond's over the Way? Have you a Purse or good strong Pocket for the Cash—when you get it? (*half aside.*)

Jem. A good Pocket, but no Purse.

Col. Dor. Take my Glove—it is stout Ramskin—the Guineas will lie there so snug in the Fingers.

Jem. And the half Guineas drop so pat in the little one.

Col. Dor. You'll have your cash between finger and thumb.

Jem. Snug as a Pinch o'Snuff.

Col. Dor. (*Aloud to Valentine*) Sir, the Gentleman will see you at the Rummer.

Val. (*Bowing to Jemmy*) Sir, I shall attend you.

Jem. Sir—Oh Sir.—(*Apert to Col.*) A Country Family just come to Town, over in Suffolk-street, must step just and take Measure of a young Lady.

[*Exit bowing to Valentine, and smiling to Col.*]

Col. Dor. Oh, yes, he will.

Val. You're a dev'lish good Fellow, Total!

Col. Dor. But then he's so curs'd fond of good Eating and Drinking: nothing to be done with him without giving him a Dinner, and drinks Burgundy, I assure you.

Val. Zounds! I'll give him a Bottle and a Bird with all my Soul! Yonder's Supple and Captain Palaver! heard of my Misfortune, for they seem to avoid me.—My Friends!

Col. Dor. Ah! my good Sir, even the civility of the World hangs on the Success of the Moment; and let your empty Pocket now convince you that Distress is the Touchstone of Friendship. Suppose to cut a Flash, I ask 'em to the Dinner you'll be obliged to give this Gentleman, and; ha! ha! Sir, to carry it on I'll desire Mr. X. Y. before them, to seem as if you was the Lender.

al. Ha! ha! ha! well done Total! ha! ha! ha!

Hey, Counsellor Flummery, too! (*looking out*) True: I owe him *twenty Guineas*.

Col. Dor. Well, Sir, you'll be now able to pay him: 'Gad, Sir, he can draw up the necessary Writings between you and the Gentleman. I'll ask him.

Val. Run—bespeak a good Room, and order Dinner for six. (*Pushes Col. Dor. off.*) This Supply will set me going—I'll let Uncle see I can shine without his dirty Acres, but—without House, chearful Home, Ability to entertain and enjoy the social Hour.

AIR. Valentine.

*How bright are the Joys of the Table,
I mean when the Cloth is remov'd;
Our Hearts are fast held by a Cable,
While round the Decanter is shov'd;
The Ladies all rise to retire,
We stand up, and look very grave,
A Bumper, then draw round the Fire,
Determined like Souls to behave.*

*My Servant, he knows I'm a Toper,
Clean Glasses of Wine a Recruit,
He brings in a six Bottle Cooper,
And places it close at my Foot;
I gingerly take up a Bottle,
The Saw-dust I puff from his Coat,
The Cork out he sings in the Throttle,
But sweeter than Mara his Note.*

*What Gentlemen Coffee now chuses,
The Compliment come from the Fair;
No Gentlemen Coffee refuser,
But not a Man stirs from his Chair;
Tho' Frenchm n may do so, I bar it,
With British Politeness I think,
While Monsieur we thank for his Claret,
He never shall teach us to drink.*

*Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo,
A Struggle 'twixt Claret and Wit,
For Bacchus insists he shall swallow
Six Bumpers before he may sit;
Ye Fair, why so ill should we treat you,
Go part ere the Bottle is won!*

*At Supper Apollo shall meet you,
And shew you what Bacchus has done.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Apartments in which Louisa had been seen.

Enter Fairly.

Fair. What Accommodations has old Total got for the Farmer and his Family here? [*Enter Randy, in a Livery.* So Randy, you've got from the Plough to the Coach!

Run. Ay, Sir, Miss Bett wou'd make Master and she go all round the Town in Chairs. I walk'd afore, he! he! he! Master's so grand, and Miss Betty's quite my Lady; my Molly is own Maid, and I am my own Gentleman.

Fair. Tell your Master I am here.

Run. Tell! why Mun in London one can call a Body from the Top of the House to the Bottom, and from Bottom to Top, without opening ones Mouth, (*Goes to side and rings.*) that does it.

Fair. Ha! ha! ha! why sure you don't ring for your Master?

Run. Why, Sir, he rings for me, and one good Turn deserves another: Lord you can't think what a Beau I intend to be here in London—Oh—

AIR. Randy.

*A Flaxen-headed Cow-boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry Plough-boy, I whistled o'er the Lea,
But now a saucy Footman, I strut in worsted Lace,
And soon I'll be a Butler, and wag my jolly Face;
When Steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a Tradesman's Bill,
My Master's Coffers empty, my Pockets for to fill;
When lolling in my Chariot, so great a Man I'll be,
You'll forget the little Plough-boy that whistled o'er the Lea.
I'll buy Votes at Elections, but when I've made the Pelf,
I'll stand Poll for the Parliament, and then vote in myself;
Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose,
When all my Ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my Noes;
I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with speeches charm the
Ear,*

*And when I'm tir'd on my Legs, then I'll sit down a Peer.
In Court or City honour, so great a Man I'll be,
You'll forget the little Plough-boy that whistled o'er the Lea.*

B 2

[Exit.]

Enter Farmer Blackberry, and Betty, dressed.

Fair. Ah ! ha ! Zounds who comes here ?

Bett. Sir, I have the Honor to be monstrous proud to see you.

Farm. B. Yes, Sir, you see she has the Honour to be monstrous—

Fair. She's fashionable !

Farm. B. What ! with her Coal black Hair full of brown Dust, and her Hat all on one Side, as if she'd got fuddled.

Bett. Fuddled ! Oh, it's Fashion ; ay, Sir, and Mrs. Fal-lal, the Milliner, says I shall soon set the Fashions, she'll be asked for the Eliza Cap, the Timbertop Bonnet, la ! we improve so ! Sir, mustn't I learn to Dance ! (*dances*) and play Music on the Harp ? that great *Long-man* in the Hay-Market is to send me all the new Songs, and the last Opera in Score.

Farm. B. Score ! No, Zounds ! you shall not run in Debt, Daughter ! there's Fashion !

Bett. He ! he ! he ! Oh, Mr. Fairly, d'ye hear ?—we have been shopping ! bought such Beauties !

Farm. B. By Gad but I believe I've forgot all your Trinkums in the Chair that brought me home—you Rundy !

Enter Rundy.

Ods bobs ! Rundy, where's the Chair ? (*Rundy reaches a Chair, places it behind Farmer Blackberry, then bows.*) Poo ! you Blockhead ! I mean the Glass Cupboard they swung us about the Street in.—

Run. Oh, Lord, Sir ; the Irishmen run away with that,

Bett. How provoking !

Fair. You know, Rundy, I desired you, whenever you took a Chair or Coach, to take the Number.—

Run. Oh, I did ; here it is your Honour, and in nice Brass ; I cut it off when they went into the Ale-House—(*shews a Chair Number.*)

Bett. Oh dear !

Enter Landlady.

Land. One from Tavistock-street, Miss.

Bett. Oh, la ! it's the Stay-maker, Mrs. Fallal promised to send me. Do, send him in.

Land. You may walk up, young Man. [*Exit.*

Enter Jemmy.

Jemmy. Hem ! Mem ! please your Ladyship, Mrs.

Fal-lal, of Tavistock-street, sent me to take measure of your Ladyship for your Ladyship's new Stays; I'll fit your Ladyship with a Waist neat as a topsy turvy Sugar-loaf.

Bett. Turn me topsy turvy! la! is that the Fashion.

Jemmy. (*preparing his Measure*) Now, Ma'am! (*looks and is surpriz'd.*)

Bett. (*staring*) Jemmy Jumps! What, our London Gentleman only a Stay-maker!

Jemmy. I protest this is the oddest! I came to one Mills Timbertop (*she pats his Forehead*)

Farm. B. A Stay-maker! oh, you make no Stay here.

Jemmy. Then I'll go—hey! me—Mr. Jump's Carriage.—lal, lal, lal!—(*Exit singing.*)

Bett. La! what an impudent Fellow!

Farm. B. Ay, Girl, beware of the Fops, tho' while you've Youth be merry.—

AIR. *Farm. Blackberry.*

*Lovely Ladies, Sprigs of Fashion,
Smile the youthful Hour away;
Welcome now the tender Passion,
In my Sunshine I made Hay.
Musty Age forbids soft Wooing,
What themselves are past the doing,
But sage Reason, to each Season,
Pleasures suiting, Age recruiting,
By full Glasses, tho' Life passes,
Wine restores the Lamp of Day.—*

The Sun's Love Potion.

Hits my Notion.

To set in Ocean, next Morning rise

Shewing a broad Face,

Glowing in Youth.

My girl, in Age a glorious Flask,

So live so die is all I ask. Lovely Ladies, &c. &c.

Enter Colonel Dormant.

Col. D. Farmer, the Colonel desires me to conduct you to him. He has sent his Coach.

Bett. Coach! Oh, if Jemmy Jumps was but to see us now!

Fair. And pray what is become of his hopeful Nephew, my good Son-in-law!

Farm. B. Ay, Gadzooks! where's the Squire!

Col. D. Now at the Rummer Tavern, and soon in the Hands of the Bailiffs.—

Fair. Now, Farmer, you and I'll have a compleat Revenge.

Farm. B. Well, you shall see my Revenge, I'm somewhat the humour of my Countrymen towards the French, ready to shake Hands, but as ready for a Blow if they intend one.—

AIR. Farmer Blackberry.

Old England's a Lion, stretch'd out at his Ease,

A Sailor his Keeper, his Couch the green Seas;

Should a Monkey dare to chatter

Or a Tyger Claw

They tumble at his roar,

They tremble at his roar

As he lifts his Paw.

I love a Neighbour's Friendship, but he turn'd Foe,

Prepare to receive him with Blow for Blow. [Exeunt]

S C E N E IV.

A Room at the Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross, loud laughing without.—

Enter *Jemmy* *Jumps*, *Hatter*, *Boot-maker*, and *1st Waiter*.

Jemmy. Very well, I think my Hat and Boots will do, so step down and call for a Glass, and I'll send the Cash down to you presently. [Exeunt *Hatter* and *Boot-maker*.]

Jemmy. Oh, the Gentleman desired you'd call me out from the company, and he'd settle the affair with me here.

1st Wait. Yes.

Jemmy. Now, I shall pocket the Cash, *lal, lal, lal!* Oh! and Jack, if your Mistress sends me up her Stays, I'll take 'em home with me now, and alter them to her liking. (*Exit 1st Waiter*) That will show this Gentleman I'm a Man of Business, then he won't be afraid to lend the Cash about him, though I should like he'd send me over to Drummond's, it's so pretty to see those Bankers Clerks shovel up the Gold! with a back Paw slide a handful of Guineas along the Counter, then tip, tip, tip! reckon so nimble.—(*mimicks*) With this Money such a smart Shop as I shall open.

Val. (without) Push about, Lads! the Gentleman and I'll return to you instantly.

Jemmy. Oh! here he is! (*with Joy and Expectation.*)

Enter Valentine.

Val Well, Sir, a nt my Friends jolly Fellows ?

Femmy Very Jolly, Sir, and we'd a choice fine Dinner ! that Pig and Egg-sauce was ! Oh, dear ! but there'll be a monitious great Bill to pay !

Val A vulgar Fellow this ! but I'll touch his Cash, and then get rid of him (*Aside.*) Won't you please to sit, Sir ?

Femmy Now, if he isn't as condescending as if he wasn't worth a Guinea (*Aside.*)

Val True, Total said he loves his Bottle (*Aside*) Waiter ! a Batch of Burgundy in here.

Femmy More Burgundy ! my Shot will make a vast Hole in the Money I'm to get (*Aside*) [*Valentine and Femmy cringingly complaisant in the following Scene.*]

Val Sir, I esteem myself so much obliged.

Femmy Sir, (*bows and smiles*) what genteelness to me that's going to borrow his Cash from him (*Aside*) Sir, it's what I never shall forget the longest Day I have to live !

Val Sir, the civilest Money-lender I ever met with (*aside*) Sir, tho' I flatter myself the Security is unexceptionable.

Femmy Security ! Sir, I'll have two of the warmest Houle-keepers in Norton Falgate.—

Val Norton Falgate ! Really, Sir, I don't know any body in that Quarter of the Town.—

Femmy Lord, Sir ; it's one of the most substantialist and most opulentist Place.—

Val I hav'n't a doubt, Sir—but had hopes of giving you up a Lieutenant's Commission.—

Femmy Give me a Commission—eh—he, he, he.

Val Oh, well, Sir ; since that is not—if Mr. Total joins in a Bond.—

Femmy Sir, I've no objection to a Bond if you think that sufficient ; but asking Mr. Total to join is a Liberty that—almost a Stranger to me—though he has so kindly brought about this Business, I cou'dn't expect him to join—Oh, no !

Val My dear Sir, if he dare refuse I'd break his Back.

Femmy Back ! his Back ! Oh, Lord ! what ! force him to join ? Oh, Sir, by no means. He's almost a Stranger to me.

Val Oh, well Sir, if you think it can be done between ourselves.

Femmy. Sir, (*Bows*) how good ! (*Bows*) the Sum I suppose you understand is—

Val. Two hundred Pounds (*Bows and Smiles*)

Femmy. Just (*Bows*)

Val. Sir, won't you take a Glass of Wine ? (*fills for Femmy.*)

Fem. Sir, won't you take another ? (*Runs and fills for Val.*)

Val. Sir.

Fem. Sir. (*They jingle Glasses.*)

Val. Here is X. Y. against the whole Alphabet.

Fem. A new Toast amongst the Money-Lenders. (*Aside*) Sir, here is X. Y. in the Alphabet. (*Drinks.*)

Val. Sir, now if you please I'll call in my Friend the Lawyer, and we'll settle the Affair at once.

Fem. Sir—now I shall touch—that for Molly Maybush's Fortune. (*Aside and snapping his Fingers.*)

Val. 'Gad this two hundred will make a Man of me. (*Aside.*) Counsellor Flummery come into Court. (*Calling with great Gaiety*)

Enter Counsellor Flummery.

Coun. Flum. Well, Gentlemen, if you're quite agreed—

Val. and Fem. Oh, yes, we're quite agreed. (*Counsellor Flummery takes out a Bond, and begins to read.*)

Val. Piha ! (*snatching Bond*) we both know the Sum and Terms, so here goes to sign and seal, and all's settled. (*Writes on Bond*)

Fem. (*Signs*) I deliver that as my Hand and Pen.

Coun. Flum. Your Hand and Pen ! Oh, my dear, it's your Act and Deed you mean. Valentine, I've drawn out a Bill and Receipt for that twenty Guineas (*apart.*)

Val. My dear Fellow, I'll pay you down this Moment (*apart.*)

Coun. Flum. Then, now, Gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the Gold. (*Valentine and Femmy stand some Time looking at each other with Expectation.*)

Val. Here's a Repository for the Two Hundred (*taking out an empty Purse.*)

Fem. And here's my Ramskin Budget (*shews Glove given by the Col.*)

Val. What's that for, Sir ?

Fem. To put your Money in, Sir ; or if you'll give me a Draft, I'll step over to Drummond's.

Val. What Draft, Sir ?

Fem. To receive the Cash, Sir!

Val. To receive! True, Total told me he had Twenty Thousand at his Banker's (*aside.*) Then, Sir, I'll wait here 'till you bring me the Money.

Fem. Then you'll wait a damn'd long while (*aside.*) Lord, Sir, Drummond wou'd'nt give his Daddy Money without your Order.

Val. Really, Sir, I know nothing about Drummond, or his Daddy; I wait for the Money that you——

Fem. Sir!——

Val. The two hundred Pounds you're going to lend me.

Fem. I going to lend you!

Val. Why, Sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Fem. Oh, Lord, no Sir; no, no. I came here for you to lend me two hundred Pounds.

Coun. Flum. Ho! ha! ha! 'Pon my Honour here's a fine Irish Bargain; all *Borrowers* but no *Lenders*. But who's to pay Costs? As you don't want the Receipt, John Doe and Richard Roe. (*aside to Valentine, and Exit.*)

Enter 1st Waiter.

Val. Damme, Sir! who are you?

1st Wait. (*Who gives Stays to Femmy*) Here, my Mistress desires you'll add two Bones to her Stays, and bring 'em against To-morrow.

Val. Stays and Bones! Pray, Friend, do you know this Gentleman?

1st Wait. Oh, yes, Sir; that *Gentleman* is *Jemmy Jumps*—ha! ha! ha! the *Stay-maker*. [*Exit.*]

Fem. Yes, Sir; and if your Lady shou'd want me, I have the neatest Stich.

Val. Stich! Pray, Sir, an't you X. Y.?

Fem. No, Sir; nor P. Q. Pray, Sir, don't you prop the Treasury? Oh! I suspect here has been a Hum.

Val. Total has either play'd me a Trick, or made some curs'd Blunder here! (*Aside.*) Retire. (*Commanding.*)

Fem. Retire!

Val. Withdraw, you Rascal.

Enter 2d Waiter.

2d Wait. The other Gentlemen are stepp'd out, and desired me to bring the Bill up to you, Gentlemen. (*Offers it to Femmy*)

Fem. Bill! Lord, a Bill to me! I'm no Gentleman.

2d Wait. It's Twenty-two Pounds, ten——

Jem. Twenty-two Pounds, ten (*looking at it in the Waiter's Hand.*) Withdraw, you Rascal.

As Jemmy's going off, enters Hatter.

Hatt. Sir, (*to Jemmy*) as my Master keeps no Accounts with any body, you'll be pleased to pay for the Hat.

Jem. Eh—oh—the Hat.

Enter Boot-maker.

Boot. Sir, I'd be glad of the Money for the Boots.

Jem. Eh—oh—the Boots.

Boot. Yes, Sir, if they fit I'd be glad you'd let me go home.

Jem. Do go home, my Lad, you shou'd not stay out so long from your Business.

Boot. My Business is to be paid for my Goods; ay, and I will too.

Jem. To block a new Beaver and jump into such costly Cordovens on the Strength of—oh, dear! what shall I—

Val. This infernal old Badger to draw me into a Tavern Bill, and not a Guinea in my Pocket. (*Aside.*) Is Counsellor Flummery gone too?

Wait. Yes, Sir, but he has left a Bailiff below. (*Ring-
ing without.*) Coming up, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Val. A Bailiff!

Jem. A Bailiff! oh, Lord!

Enter Bailiff.

Bail. Sir, I've a Writ against you—(*to Val.*)

Val. Well, I'll go.

Enter Landlord and Waiters.

Land. You won't go, I hope, Sir, 'till the Bill is settled?

Jem. But I will if I can tho'. (*Runs off.*)

Val. Confusion! Now I'm punished for my Cruelty to my amiable Wife.

Enter Louisa.

Louisa. Here, my Valentine; (*gives him a Pocket Book*) nor blush to receive Liberty from your affectionate Louisa.

Val. My kind! my generous!

Enter Fairly.

Louisa. My Father!

Val. Mr. Fairly, I have wrong'd you, but shall make atonement here. (*To Louisa.*)

Fair. Do, Sir,

Enter Colonel Dormant.

Val. Total! ah! you old humming Cantoo Baboo, but now all's Forgiveness—Love and Liberty! I must discharge! here!

Enter 2d Waiter.

Send up Counsellor Flummery's Bailiff.

Waiter. Sir, he's gone: the Country Gentleman that came with you, Sir, (*to Colonel Dormant,*) paid Debt, Costs, and discharged the Bill of the House. [*Exit.*

Col. Dor. Old Blackberry do this.

Enter Farmer Blackberry and Betty.

Farm. B. There! 'Squire's a different sort of Receipt from what you sent me for my Rent.

Fair. Zounds! what?

Farm. B. Mr. Fairly, you're a wise Lawyer; but a simple Farmer thinks Good for Evil is the most complete Revenge.

Col. Dor. Ah! ha! what say you to the Colonel's Heir?

Val. This—you're the King of Spades! Total, now where's my Uncle? (*slapping Col. Dormant heartily on the Shoulder.*)

Col. Dor. You needn't hit your Uncle quite so hard.

Val. It must be—Oh, Sir! as you have been all along the Witnesses of my Follies——

Col. Dor. Vices! by *Corrosives* I attempted the Cure.

Louisa. Which I hope by *Lenatives* to perform.

Farm. B. If you are the Colonel, thank ye; but take your Grandeur from me! Gads bobs! I find my Hands are too hard and my Head too soft for a Gentleman.

Col. Dor. Well, my honest Kinsman, if you can enjoy more Happiness in your Farm, I'll take care your Stock shall never be seized by a Landlord.

Farm. B. Then, huzza! come Child, from our little Sample of Fashion, we shall return with double Relish for Peace, Happiness and Blackberry Farm.

Bett. I don't Love Peace and Happiness, I won't leave London—I won't go home again—oh! oh! (*cries*) to leave London without a Beau! (*cries*) oh! oh!

Enter Jemmy, Rundy, Molly.

Jem. How d'ye do all? Squire Timberhead, a Gentleman, would ask a *thousand* with Miss, I'll take her with half the Money, set up a smart Shop without the Help of

your Money-lender. (to Col.) I hope your Friends will drop their Guineas into my Ramskin Budget.

Col. Dor. Mr. Fairly, I thank you for all your Trouble, proud of my generous new Relation! Nephew, henceforth the honest Man in Distress shall be my Kinsman.

F I N A L E.

Farm. B. *Welcome Joy, and hence with Sorrow,
Love to Day, and cry to-morrow;
Smiles succeeding Fortunes Frowns,
All the World is Ups and Downs.*

Cho. *Welcome, &c.*

Col. Dor. *Prosper and the Spaniel Throng
Frisk around to share the Bone,
Cringe and fawn, but things go wrong,
You're all along.*

Cho. *Welcome, &c.*

Loui. *Blooming Maids and sprightly Belles,
All Charms compar'd to mine;
Yet none lov'd you half so well
My Valentine.*

Val. *Joy and Truth's in gen'rous Wine,
Friends sooth the Cares of Life,
Joy, Friend, Truth, in you combine
My faithful Wife.*

Bett. *Four in Hand I'll spank away,
Harp tinkle, twang my Bobs;
To a Circle read a Play,
When I knobs hobs.*

Cho. *Welcome, &c.*

Run. *Sweet to kiss upon the Grass,
'Gadzooks! I can't in Town,
Give my Molly willing Laps.*

Molly. *Farewell Fields and sweet Hay mow;
No more my Lambs I'll see,
Rundy says I must be Nots,
A gay Lady.*

Cho. *Welcome, &c.*

Jem. *Pretty Girls, who fine Things lack,
All come and deal with me;
I'm myself, a nice Nick Nack,
Your own Femmy.*

*Ev'ry one our poor Scenes viewing,
In some Scheme of Life pursuing;
Critics in our Places stand,
Give a fellow-feeling Hand.*

Cho. *Welcome, &c.*

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F I N I S.

